

THE

Jovial Songster,

OR,
LAUGH AND BE FAT.

- I. Croppies, lie down.
- II. The Jolly Miner's Song.
- III. Chelsea Quarters.
- IV. My Bonny Highland Laddie.



A. L. S. T. O. N.

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CROPPIES, LIE DOWN.

WE Soldiers of **Brit**, so proud of the
name,
Will build upon Rebels, and Frenchmen
our fame,
We'll fight to the last in the honest old
cause,
And guard our Religion, our Freedom and
Laws;
We'll fight for our Country, our King, and
his Crown,
And make all the Traitors and Croppies
lie down,
Down, down, Croppies, lie down.
We'll fight for our

The Rebels to hold when they're
quite
The Wolves and Hares, are too
They murder poor Parsons, and all that
The Soldiers of peace will
and will be sent into Country
Down,
In ditches, or walls, the Croppies lie

down,

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

And wherever we march, &c.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot whom they dare not
to face,

But when we can catch the fly rogues in
the field,

A handful of Soldiers makes hundreds to
yield ;

And the cowards collect but to raise our
reknown,

For as soon as we fire the Croppies lie
down.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

And the cowards collect, &c.

While they in the war that unmanly they
wage,

On Woman herself turn their bloodthirsty
rage,

We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from
harm,

And shelter them safely when clasp'd in
our arms ;

On love in a Soldier no Maiden will frown.

But bless the brave boys who made Crop-
pies lie down,

Down, down, Croppies, lie down,
On love in a Soldier, &c.

Should France e'er attempt by art, or by
 guile,
 Her forces to land on the Emerald Isle,
 We'll shew that they ne'er can make free
 Soldiers slaves,
 And only possess our green fields for their
 graves;
 Our Country's applauses, our triumphs
 we'll crown,
 While low with the French, brother Crop-
 pies lie down,
 Down, down, Croppies lie down,
Our country's applauses, &c.

When wars and when dangers again shall
 be o'er,
 And peace with her blessings revisit our
 shore,
 When toils are relinquish'd, no longer to
 roam,
 With pride will our families welcome us
 home;
 And drink as in bumpers past troubles
 they crown,
 A health to the lads who made Croppies
 lie down,

Down, down, Croppies lie down.
And drink as in bumpers past troubles they
drown,
A health to the lads who made Croppies lie
down.

THE JOLLY MINERS' SONG.

THERE is a new Mine true blue cal-
 led by name,
 Belongs to the Miners of honor and fame;
 Come fill the Can so merrily,
 And let this health go round,
 Success to the Miners that work under
 ground.

There's two Men from Bishoprick and
 Men of great renown,
 There's two Men from Cornwall, and one
 from Derby Town;
 So we'll travel the Country, the Country
 all round,
 But all our delight is working under ground.

A Farmer's delight is winning his Corn,
 But Huntsmen delight in blowing their
 Horn;
 But the Miner's delight is to split the rock.

so found,
And all their delight is working under
ground.

Sometimes we have money, and sometimes
none at all,

But thank God I have credit, and for it I
do call;

Come fill the Can so merrily and let this
health go round,

Success to the Miners that work under
ground.

CHELSEA QUARTERS.

COME hear an old campaigner's song,
A british soldier's story,

Who oft has train'd a martial throng,

To noble deeds of glory;

But let not boasting swell my praise,

Who've fac'd hot balls and mortars,

In hopes to spend my latter days

With peace in Chelsea quarters.

On swampy grounds and burning sands,

In march and counter marches,

I've met in fight the hostile bands,

And sunk, beneath my gashes

Yet innate valour cheer'd my heart,

'Tis fear the coward slaughters,

And he that takes a soldier's part,

Secur'd me Chelsea quarters.

To say what foes my arms has slain,

Would dastard be to venture,

My duty ne'er regarded pain,

In van, in rear, in center;

Full oft I've drench'd my sword in blood,

And forded many waters,

In hopes when war shall cease to flood,

To fix in Chelsea quarters.

And heaven bleis his Majesty

Who leaves a veteran never

Grown old and hack'd up as you see,

He pension'd me for ever:

My tent is fix'd at last for life,

And safe from mines and mortars

Tho' kingdoms wage eternal strife,

I'll ne'er quit Chelsea quarters.



MY BONNY MIGHT AND LADDIE

B E moon-light on the moon,
Where beds and lasses lie

How sweet the blossoms bendy,
How sweet the new morn'g day;
But not to me so sweet,
The blossoms on the thorn,
As when my lad I meet,
More fresh than May-day morn'g.

Give me the lark's blith and gay,
Give me the Tartan plaidy,
For spite of all the wifs can say,
I'll wed my Highland laddie,
My bonny Highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,
His een are bonny blue,
Like rose-bud sweet his mou,
When wet with morning dew;
Young Willy's rich and great,
And fain would ca' me his;
But what is riches or rank,
Without love's smiling blink?

Give me the lad

When first he talk'd of love,
He look'd the blith and gay,
Her name I did approve,
And could na' say him nay;
There to the kirk I'll hae,
There prove my love and truth;
Reward a love he caust,
And wed the constant youth.

Give me the

